Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Awaie with Oxford to *Hames* castell straight,
For *Summerset* off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.
Exit Oxford.
Sum. Nor *I*, but stoope with patience to my death.
Exit Sum.
Edw. Now *Edward* what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where *I* stand kneele thou,
Whilst *I* propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.
Queen. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd:
Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from *Lancaster*.
Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat *I*le plague you for that word.
Queen. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.
Prin Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or *I* will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. *I* know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periurd *George*,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better, traytors as you be.

Edw.

Edw. Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.
Queen. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and shall. (much alreadie.
Edw. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue doone too
Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?
Edw. What doth she swound? make meanes for
Her recouerie?
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethe tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out
Exit Gloster.
Queen. Ah *Ned*, speake to thy mother boy? ah
Thou canst not speake.
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
They that stabd *Cæsar* shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,
And men nere spend their furie on a child,
Whats worse then tyrant that *I* maie name,
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince.
Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence.
Queen. Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, doe thou doe it?
Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

Queen.